HUNDRED FLOWERS

STILL JUST 25¢

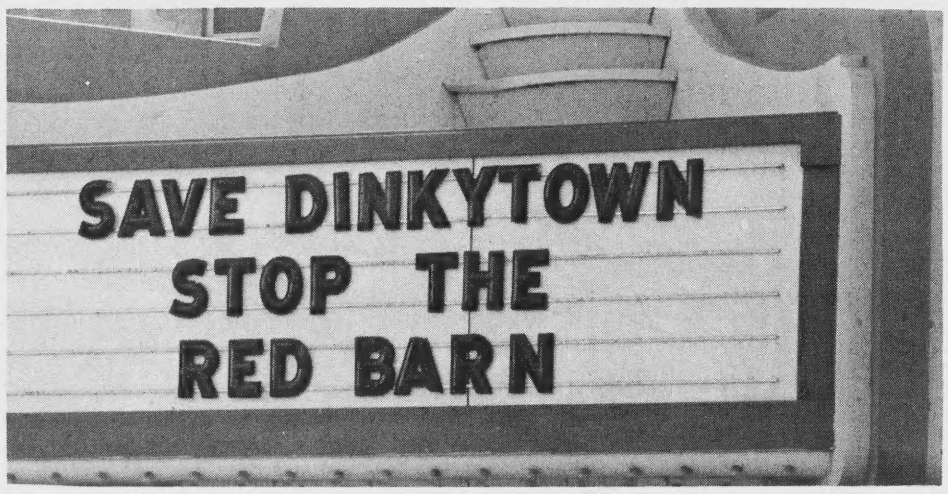
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2 FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1970

MOBOCRACY'S DAY IN COURT

"In a sense, we are witnessing the exercise of squatter's rights! It is sometimes called Mobocracy! This is a Mobocracy! The Nazis had a Mobocracy! You are like Nazis! You are Nazis!" So screeched the attorney for Red Barn Inc.

(His name sounded like "McNulty." Tall with silver grey hair and a military bearing, he looked like a cross between Eugene McCarthy and Rudolph Hesse. His looks reflected his politics: a moderate in temperment, a liberal in rhetoric and a stormtrooper in the pit of his guts.)

"I know that some of you are self-proclaimed nihilists and anarchists," he shouted. (At the previous Friday's hearing, McNulty



loudly proclaimed that he attends the Newman Center's dialogue groups in order to "get to know you young people better.") His voice went bleak: "With you people around, a man is no longer safe in his home or place of business."

A MOAN OF DISGUST from the crowd, then silence, then a giggle, and then the audience breaks out in uproarous laughter. Judge Anderson slowly peered over his bench and stared at McNulty. A suggestion of a smile flitted across his face. The ends of the Judge's mouth twitched upward into a soft curve - barely suppressed.

Someone in the audience jumped up at that point and shouted that the Dinkytown Occupation forces had 22,000 signatures from community members supporting their resistance to Red Barn's rape of Dinkytown, to which McNulty replied, "It wouldn't really make any difference. The Nazis had a million supporters, who worked outside the law, killed the Jews and practiced your Mobocracy!"

"The Nazis had their Mobocracy; and you have yours! McNulty persisted. Bits of foam appeared at the corners of his mouth. He flinched as a new wave of moams rolled over him. Midway through his little oration - he couldn't stop now even though he knew he was making a complete ass of himself - a sick and em=

barassed tone had already crept into his voice. He forged ahead anyway.

"The Nazi mobocracy said 'take the Jews away,' and they took them to the ovens." A Jewish girl rose from the audience and calmly pointed out that Hitler came to power through perfectly legal and constitutional means. Someone else jumped up and shouted that it was an unholy alliance of big businessmen, generals and conservative assholes like McNulty and Lafferty that spawned Nazism.

We all wondered why liberals like McNulty and Lafferty (who really don't believe in practicing democracy anyway, except when it occurs in a stockholders meeting. Most of these dudes aren't even that"liberal.") always describe an uprising of the people as "Nazism" or "Mobocracy." Though most liberals don't use the latter term anymore because "Mobocracy" was the term which the British used to describe the American Revolution (the first one).

WE'LL TUNE OUT McNulty for a while to let you in on the scene: It was last Monday, April 20th, in the chambers of Judge Leslie Anderson. Red Barn Inc. was presenting a complaint alleging that James Bruggeman, David Pence, and John Doe (Mike) Burke along with John Doe I through John Doe XV and Mary Roe I through Mary Roe XV did "wrongfully, unlawfully,maliciously, and without any right whatsoever and by use of force, broke into, invaded, and entered" the five Dimkytown

see page 15

400 DOPE BUSTS!?

Rumors were spreading around the West Bank last week that there'd soon be four hundred no-knock warrants is sued for a mass sweep. It's not surprising that rumors like this would spread--whether or not there is any basis to them: Just the week before Wayne Billings (the West Bank narc.) made a sweep through the area and netted at least five.

But Wayne Billings was working with no-knock warrants and informers. He would break into a home and go immediately to the stash and then threaten to bust the person. Then he'd go into a thing about how, "We only want to get the big dealers. Show us your big dealers, and we won't bust you." You can then agree to turn someone in. You go with the police and set someone up by giving them marked money or by placing a specific order and saying that some friends will stop by for just that amount.

But you don't have to inform on your friends to stay free. If the Man ever tries to get you to set up a friend, turn around and call YES: 333-7588 The Man don't stand a chance when we stand together.

Remember. It takes a lot to get busted. They've got to have a clean warrant. They have to have a legitimate complaint. And they have to have witnesses. Most of the time when the Man says he's gonna bust you, he's only shuckin' and jivin'; he knows he can't make it stick without your help. As soon as you cooperate with the police you seal your own (or someone else's) fate.

The Minnesota Civil Liberties Union has met and made preparations as if the bust is an upcoming reality.

If there is a bust there are five steps you should take:

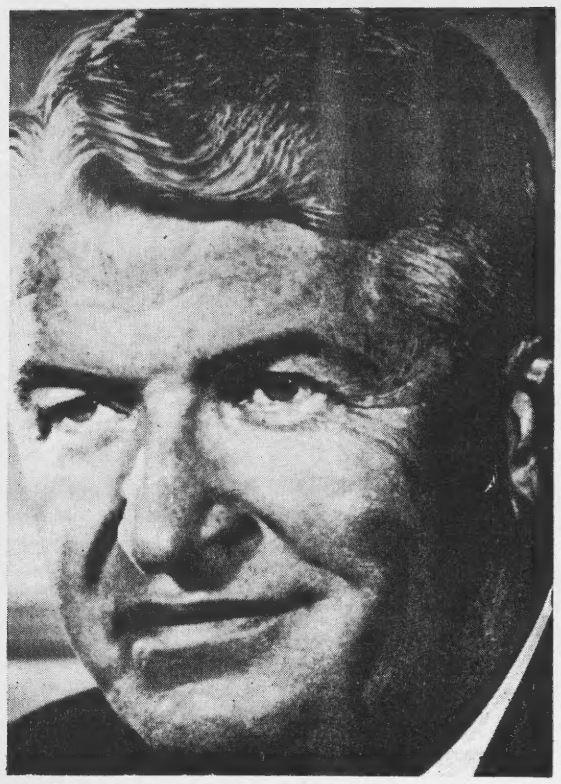
1. Get the officer's name and badge number.
2. Get copies of the warrant (the officer must give copies to the residents).
3. If anything is taken from you insist on a receipt for each item. Residents must receive a receipt
4. Contact the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union and inform them of the court and the judge that issued the warrant-- and the name of the person who signed the affadavit (the informer).
5. Contact Youth Emergency Service: 338-7588, and the Electric Fetus: 335-4500.

No-knock warrants were used in the Franklin Avenue area a few weeks back for some smack dealers. The Man came in through the door and met drawn guns. The kids dropped their guns though and the Man busted them...Which probably goes to prove you shouldn't carry guns unless you intend to use them. Personally I don't think you should mess with smack or guns, and if you do either, you'll probably end up getting busted, no matter how much good karma you may think you've got working.

Dick at the Electric Fetus is worried enough about a massive sweep that he's innaugarating a community warning system to alert the West Bank Community in the event of local disasters. If anyone hears of anything approaching disaster proportions (don't be alarmists--we don't want trip-artists crying, "Wolf!") then call or go to the Electric Fetus. Dick or someone there will then use a microphone and loudspeaker in the 6th Street lot to call an emergency community meeting to discuss what should be done. If the Man is going around busting our people--then maybe four or five hundred of us can get together and go downtown and get our brothers back, or, at least, get the Man out of our community before he rips off his bag limit of four hundred.

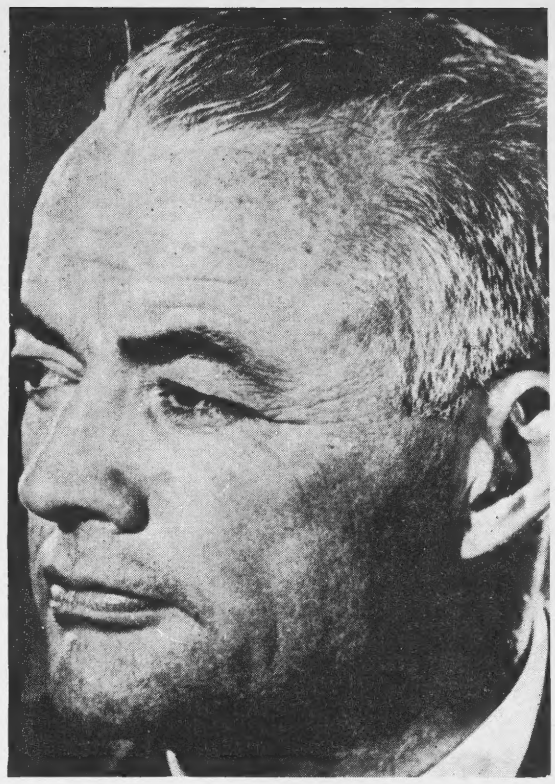
I personally don't think the Man has 400 no-knock warrants. But I do know that a Community Warning System is good insurance.

Eddie Felien



THE HOT WORLD OF HONEYWELL

Few US corporations have undergone more apparent change than Honeywell. Famous for thermostats, it went into computers—left, visual display unit—at vast cost. Now computers mainly explain the firm's red-hot image as a high technology company (dials in sky, below, symbolise instrumentation for Gulf refinery). Yet Honeywell's strength lies as much in the past as in a future which will be determined by the computer in many senses.



STEVEN KEATING

JAMES BINGER

Up Against The Well Honey

AT THE TURN of this century, Amerika had the technology to feed, clothe, house and generally meet the needs of all its citizens. Had it produced to capacity according to the needs of its people, Amerikan capitalism would be only a mildly disturbing memory today. Instead, big business chose to preserve itself rather than society, to keep necessities off the market and to keep profits and prices up by mass producing useless goods and imposing the production and consumption of shit upon hundreds of millions of people at home and abroad. Amerika became the CORPORATE MOTHERFUCKER.

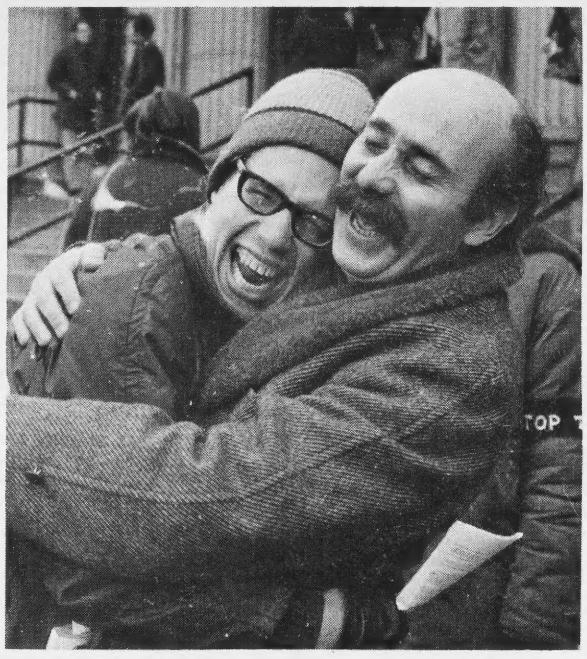
The major characteristics of the CORPORATE MOTHERFUCKER (CM) are that it mass produces shit instead of necessities, that it wraps and packages the shit in paper, cans, tin, steel and plastic which clutters our environment and that it robs the human and natural resources of the entire world to protect the profits it makes from shit.

The central sector of the shit economy is war production ("defense" to those whose interests it protects). The war industry makes useless machines with no value whatsoever on the consumer market. Millions are employed in the production of these useless machines. This means money for consuming the rest of the shit CM makes and to pay the high prices it charges for the necessities of life. Since war production is defined as "citizenly," it is paid for with public funds; since it provides jobs, people are afraid to get rid of it. Since it is done instead of producing for use, an artificial scarcity is imposed on us all.

When Marv Davidoff pointed out to James Binger, Chairman of Honeywell's Board, that it could be making auto-controls instead of fragmentation bombs, Binger replied, "The public would never stand for it."

Last week, a balding Teamster in his 50's gestured with his strong hands as he explained how, after 20 years at Honeywell, he had been fired for defending his brothers' and sisters' right to job security. Last week, Honeywell fired 91 skilled workmen rather than seriously discuss their grievances. These men have skill in their hands. But now, what are they to do? In the last few months, Honeywell alone has laid off over 500 men and women.

G. E."s "Task Force on Confrontation" begins its report, "There is a growing likelihood that industry in general and G. E. in particular face a mounting wave of confrontations." YOUBETCHERASS.



Marv and Randy

The fight against CM is not new. In the 1890's, liberals attacked Carnegie, Rockefeller, Mellon and other crooks who controlled prices, politics, profits and products.

On April 28th in Pittsburgh, Gulf Action Project will move against Mellon and Gulf; last month, in a model action designed to save the environment, students in Santa Barbara burned Rockefeller's Bank of America to the ground. Last week, attempting to destroy its replacement, four students were shot and one killed. Times have changed. But the names are just about the same.

Populists of all varieties tried to stop CM with electoral politics. The result is the creation of a thousand regulatory agencies, on federal, state and local levels. These agencies are staffed by Corporate executives for the benefit of Corporate Amerika.

The ecology campaigns of the 20's and 50's, like the present one, were backed by Rockefeller, Ford and the rest. For one thing, they need to keep the population alive-- if just barely--to work and consume; for another, 'over' population means a rising cry for self-determined food and industrial supplies, a growing mass of unemployed, landless men and women who most certainly will bring CM to its knees before letting their children starve. 'Over population' replaces 'land reform' and the problem is said to be 'people' rather than the unchecked growth of a profit system where wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few.

In the 30's, the cry was against 'munitions makers' and high taxes were levied against those who profitted off wars fought to protect the profits of others. But the taxes were passed on to the consumer, the workingman and the common taxpayer.

In the mid-30's, here in Minnesota, several populist governors spoke up against the bankers and industrialists who ran America, but so long as the businessmen controlled the legislature, nothing was accomplished.

Again, Nixon talks of 'fining' polluters and Congressmen talk of 'changing priorities'. The question remains: do we pick up and pay for the shit the CM produces or do we make them pick it up and pay for it? Do we stop producing shit altogether when they refuse? And just when do we get on with it?

GE'S REPORT QUOTES from U.S. News and World Report: "There is growing evidence that big business, the archetype of capitalism, will be the prime target in the months ahead."

YOUBETCHERASS.

On April 14th, a small group of demonstrators entered the United Aircraft meeting in Hartford and were thrown out before they could get in a word. Hundreds waited outdoors.

On April 16th, the protest came to AT&T and police used horses to

see page 14

School Daze

KINDERGARTEN KONCENTRATION KAMPS

NEW YORK (LNS) -- If you wanted to roll Easter eggs on the White House lawn this year you had to be under eight years old. The age limit used to be twelve, but those eight-to-twelvers . . . they can be pretty tough troublemakers, the White House staff recently decided.

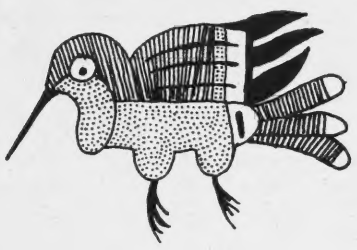
Two weeks after the egg-roll edict, President Nixon's former personal physician discovered evil lurking in the minds of six-to-eight year olds too.

Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, in a report to the National Commission of the Causes and Cure of Crime, urges the nation to find a "direct, immediate and effective way of tackling the problem by focussing on the criminal mind of the child."

The doctor recommends to the President that massive psychological testing be carried out on every child between the ages of six to eight to "expose delinquent character structure." Children who are not into Easter-egg-rolling but instead are possessed of "violent and homicidal tendencies" would be subject to "special treatment." Then, if the child-menaces are not satisfactorily turned into mush-heads, they will be channelled into camps where "group activities" will be conducted by government psychiatrists.

Dr. Hutschnecker himself has been accused of holding undue sway over the nation's First Patient. Similar accusations were made against Adolf Hitler"s personal physician.

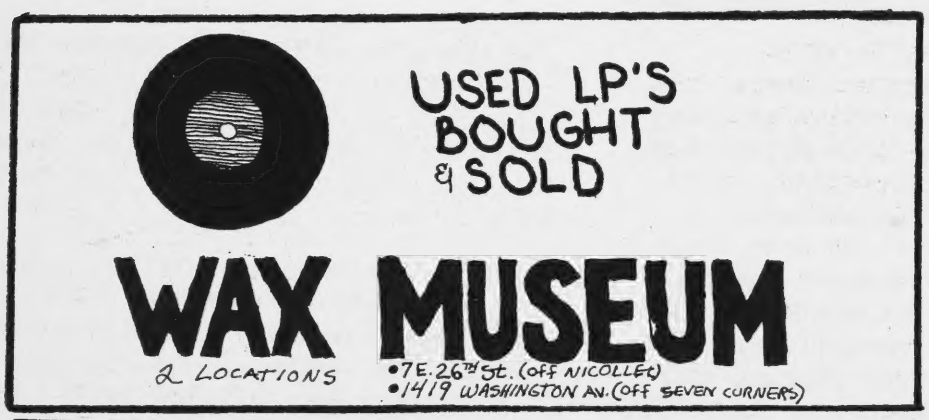
Although Dr. Hutschnecker's proposal does not say so, the kindergarten-concentration-camp idea is obviously closely linked with a recent report from the capital claiming that the federal government plans to intensify its surveillance of left-wing groups and individuals. The official White House position on "extreme radicals" (as well as the 8-12 year-old Capones) is that the government is "dealing with the criminal mind."



Give Your Child's Head A Start; Feed Him On 9 Cents A Day

Feeding a four year old kid two meals and one snack on nine cents is a good trick if you can do it. In Minneapolis it's being done for 266 kids every day by Project Headstart. Headstart don't like doing it that way. But they don't have any choice since that's all the Department of Health Education and Welfare will give them. Headstart was conceived a few years ago to give inner city and ghetto kids a chance at getting acclimated to a school situation before they're confronted with the public schools. The government will probably scrap the program soon because studies show that Headstart kids don't stay in school any longer than any other ghetto children. The studies also show that the reason Headstart kids don't stay in school is that after a year or so in Headstart, they can see through all the shit the public schools are laying on them and don't much like it. Headstart frees minds. It's even better in Minneapolis because the program is being run by the people themselves,not some professional anti-poverty pigs. Last year the Board of Education ran the program for the poor underpriviliged children. A group of parents of the children themselves got hip to what was happening and formed a corporation, Parents In Community Action (PICA), to run their own program for their own kids. After a heavy fight, PICA managed to get the contract to administer Project Headstart.

Anti-poverty funds rarely get down to the people, so PICA is having one hell of a time. Caught in a power struggle between larger government agencies, who want Headstart under their umbrella of "protection,"it has now become clear to PICA that the government and all the established anti-poverty organizations now want to see them fail. The power structure doesn't want to see the people exercising their power to determine their own fate, and that's what PICA is trying to do. So say a good word about Headstart if you get the chance.



The Taira Clan
New York Festival Choice 1964
U Film Society
7:30 Friday—2 by
SKOLIMOWSKI
Identification Marks: None
Walkover (1961 & 1964)
(Leading European director of the Sixties in his 1st two films; 'Walkover' picked No. 2 film of '65 in French critics poll; both in Polish dialog; English subtitles) Museum Natural History
THE TAIRA CLAN
Kenji Mizoguchi great Japanese director of "Ugetsu"
7:30 SATURDAY
Mayo Auditorium

Community School

living = learning

Since the public schools are still closed, the community, parents and students have a chance to involve themselves in a different concept of education involving a nonrestrictive atmosphere. It gives us a chance to teach our own children and to make education an enjoyable experience.

It is my belief that every child is a flower waiting to blossom and the educational system takes on the responsibility of cultivation, helping,guiding instead of hindering and harassing or putting into the designated slots of our dead society. The present system slots our children, taking the top, disregarding all others. For life without expression of self is not life at all.

In our particular school we have 12-15 students in the elementary school ages. We have five instructors from the Junior High level instructing in Creative Writing, Art, Math. We have a dramatics class at Powerhorn Park. We have the use of gym facilities at a neighborhood church. We spend a great deal of time with the children on their reading,our classes are small enough to have fruitful discussions with all the students participating. We find that the children are enjoying themselves in natural surroundings and are receptive and eager to learn. We find this alternative very successful, a child's happiness is always successful. We care.

Teachers,students, instructors are welcome.

Pat Feliïen

I went down to the demonstration..

I'm going to smash down all your plate glass windows...

Last Saturday, 2000 of us marched through the streets of Minneapolis to protest the war in Vietnam. Once again, we met one another and joined to chant PEACE NOW, HO-HO-HO-CHI-MINH-THE NLF IS GOING TO WIN, UP THE ASS OF THE RULING CLASS, and POWER TO THE PEOPLE. On the side-walks, some flashed the V for victory symbol to us in response and others shook their heads. They think of themselves as "thypeople", and as far as they're concerned the government's leaders more or less represent them. They can't quite understand how this odd-looking minority of longhairs, students and a few adults can shout " power " to the people who already have the power. But, we know that we <u>are</u> the people too.

At Loring Park (what one cynic has called the elephant burying grounds of the Minneapolis movement), we once again listened to speeches against America's imperialist intervention in Southeast Asia. DEATH stood by as one speaker after another told us that we are the real majority and the government must now listen. But the war continues to expand as American military advisors support reactionary regimes which are trying to suppress their people in Thailand and Laos and now Cambodia. One wonders if we will still be entreated to demonstrate in]984 to bring the boys home from Burma.

At home later, a television newscaster emphasized that Minneapolis' demonstration--unlike those in Madison and Santa Barbara-was orderly. Apparently, all the Man cares about is whether or not we limit our protest to 'peaceful dissent.' They hope we are still marching against the war and not the entire system. The newscaster knows better than most of us that dissent is dated and rebellion is in the air. He also knows that the media is a battle of images. The image of anti-war protesters mechanically marching down the street *is pure marshmellow,* designed from the beginning to gain a paragraph on the editorial page of the TRIBUNE ("Another Peaceful Protest") and benefit only the newspaper and button sellers. Sure, some people have never marched before and this is there first involvement. But, for many of us the 'mobilization' routine is a stone drag, a bore.

Despite, the inflated rhetoric from 'noteables' on the Loring Park platform last Saturday, our movement is <u>not</u> growing because of these rituals. It is widening--in spite of conservative 'movement leadership' ---because more and more of us are beginning to realize that we are part of a new generation, nutured in the glutted womb of Pig Amerika's Empire and born into revolution.

The protest which now moves us is that which is directly focused against the stys of the pigs, the institutions through which the Amerikan system gets its nourishment. The image of people pounding on the doors of Agnew's cake--eating Fun Fest last February or pushing through the entrance of General Electric or Honeywell this week, all of this conveys spontaneous outrage felt. This kind of militant protest is not the same as the violence of the Weathermen. It does not involve suicidal hand-to-hand combat with the pigs, but emphasizes flexible attacks on symbolic sanctuaries of power. It does not have to be violent, although it should be disruptive. Scenes like last February's Agnew demonstration in the streets may make the paper-tiger ' movement leaders ' super uptight, but they also bring us together. Joy and spontaneity as well as anger and protest must characterize our efforts. The red and black flags of revolutionary and anarchy which flew above our heads last Saturday must become more than mere symbols. They must become banners which lead us into battle with the Maurading Meatball that is Pig Amerika today.

Brian

Recent Concerts:

Small Faces, Poco, Alice Cooper.

POCO PICKED UP the pieces Friday and Saturday last while Sunday at the Temple Alice Cooper did her collective best to get them good and rescattered. And the Small Faces, now with Rod Stewart, didn't go far out of their way to get things back together again as they played in the top-billed spot.

Poco is beautiful and just what I've been waiting for. They're better than ever, too. Randy Miesner, who played bass on Picking Up the Pieces, is now a gas jockey somewhere in Nebraska and Poco has made the perfect replacement. Tim Shmidt's excellent musicianship, smooth tenor voice and little brother smile fits him right into place alongside the others, already reknowned for their harmonies of spirit and voice. In fact, his voice is almost indistinguishable from Richie Furay's who along with bass guitar Jim Messinz (lead guitar and pedal steal with Poco) was as instrumental as any Steve Stills or Neil Young in creating the Buffalo Springfield sound.

With Neil's brother Rusty Young on organ and George Granthum on drums, the Poco sound is just as distinctive and just as special. Their tenor voices (all but Young sing) sound like four Richie Furay's or about one octave below the chipmunks and two octaves below Graham Nash.

This week at the Depot: Bangor Flying Circus and Zephyr.

On the other side of the tracks at the Labor Temple, Sunday night, Rod Stewart with the Small Faces and Alice Cooper were playing.

Alice Cooper led off and the combination of some lousy music and their wildly sensationalistic clothes (foils, whips and tits) made it quickly apparent that they'd better put on a pretty big show.

They saved most of their energy for the last song and I'll bet they've gotten it on a lot better before. The song was a little kid's nightmare. All these freaks with ballroom masks and hair down to their knees like boogey men running around the stage with their axes and then charging out into the crowd.

OUR FRIEND Captain Alice capped it off by ripping two feather pillows and blowing smoke (and feathers) all over the crowd. FUCK YOU (to the tune of AH CHOO), Alice. (Not to be mistaken for a chauvinist's epithet.)

THE SMALL FACES of Itchicoo Park and funny-shaped album cover fame were in the process of breaking up after the demise of their record company, but were saved in time by Rod Stewart and Ron Wood of the Jeff Beck group.

Stewart and Wood, et. al, conserved their stuff too until the lights went on, after which they played three or four long songs, and Stewart finally started cookin'.

SUNDAY AT THE Labor Temple:The Tony Williams Lifetime with Jack Bruce, plus the Illinois Speed Press.

EARTH DAY

Eco-activists rally, march on GE

APRIL 22, Mpls. "Earth Day" participants rallied outside Coffman Union (University of Minnesota) Wednesday to hear "Polluter of the Year Awards," a Declaration of interdependence, and speeches by several people including Professor of Political Science Mulford Q. Sibley. At about 11 am 500 persons marched on the Minneapolis Auditorium where the General Electric stockholders' meeting was underway and being picketed by about 50 anti-imperialists from SDS, Honeywell Project, TCDIC, etc. When the marchers arrived the cops told them that their parade permit did not include the auditorium, but after the permit was produced by march coordinator Keith Pearson the police relented.

The marchers went around the corner to the east side of the auditorium where they joined forces with the other demonstrators. Chanting slogans: "People yes, GE no" and "Warmaker, Strikebreaker -- Smash GE", the people tried to enter the building. Again the cops demonstrated to all just who they are working for and blocked the doors. By this time the throng had swelled to over a thousand.

TOM GRIFFIN, local coordinator of earth week gave a prepared speech which likened the demonstrators to medieval serfs petitioning their lords and indicated that this situation would not last for very long. Griffin said, and the crowd most emphatically agreed, that corporations like GE had given up "their right to exist" because of their lack of concern for people and the environment.

The people then marched around the auditorium and went ½ a block down the street to Wesley Church for a "Festival of Life" program. Music: The Paisleys, Slides and Film: Ned Foster, Speakers: Barbara Reid (Midwest coordinator for the National Environmental Teach-In),Marv Davidov (Honeywell Project), Rt. Rev. Roger Paine and others. All of the speakers made emphatically anti-profit and anti-capitalist speeches which were well received. Someone came in from the GE meeting and announced that the stockholders had refused to vote on resolutions against environmental destruction, war production, exploitation of women, etc.

AFTER THE SERVICE some went to Loring Park and planted a tree. The eco-activists should get off this "symbolic" trip which is full of anticlimax. We already know that we need more trees. We have to keep making sharp attacks on the corporate giants that profit from eco-destruction.

Senator Mondale's liberal program

APR. 22 Mpls. Sen. Walter Mondale (D-Minn) spoke to the environmental teach -in crowd in Coffman Union at the U. of M. He said almost nothing. His major point,which he spelled out in a press conference earlier, is that "new laws" are needed to make it "more profitable" for industry to clean up rather than continue to pollute.

Just who is it who will enforce this legislation, even if it's worth enforcing? Will it be a series of bureaucratic "regulatory agencies" that have already proved their complete incapacity to regulate a damn thing? Will it be the FBI (if they can tear themselves away from repressing the left)? Will it be the courts that now throw around contempt charges and issue restraining orders to the people? Mondale didn't say.

THE SENATOR made clear however that his brand of ecological awareness involves loads of faith in the same liberal politicians who apologized for Vietnam for so many years and sold out the "war on poverty" as soon as it conflicted with private profit.

When asked how he would deal with the issue of industrial layoffs caused by his program for pollution control, Mondale lightly dismissed the question with an attitude of waiting until the problem arises.

THERE ARE RUMORS that leaders of the Teach-In are going to liberals like Mondale for support and money with which to continue eco-activism. Beware! Stay away from these witty,soft spoken, "reasonable" men. Rely on the people instead. The people will not compromise until the environment is clean. If industry is democratically placed in the trust of all the people and profit motives eliminated, we can have full employment, an end to poverty, and a clean environment.

a consumer's view

Tickets on sale at all Dayton Ticket Offices, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Southdale, Brookdale, Rochester. $4.50—$5.00—$5.50 including tax.
TICKETS (ALL SEATS RESERVED) $7, $6, $4.50—ON SALE AT:
TICKETS (ALL SEATS RESERVED)
$7, $6, $4.50 — ON SALE AT:
MET SPORTS CENTER
1st NATIONAL BANK CONCOURSES (Mpls. & St. Paul)
ALL DAYTON'S TICKET OFFICES (Charge 'em)
TICKETS $6-$5-$4
AVAILABLE AT ALL
DAYTON'S
STORES
CHARGE 'EM!

of the minneapolis music business

When I went off to the SDS Benefit at West Bank's Dania Hall recently, I didn't know what to expect. I half imagined to find the place oppressively crowded, full of teenie boppers----like the Labor Temple. But instead, the Benefit featured a mixed crowd of politicos and West Bank freaks, good vibes and plenty of breathing space. At the door, there were no cops, a usual nuisance at Diana events; only a literature table, a usual nuisance at political events. On the second floor, people were crowded around a jug-band, digging their funky rhythms and singing along at full voice. Upstairs, two of the best groups in Minneapolis, Dave Ray's BAMBOO and Spider John Koerner and Wee Willie Murphy were jamming away. The whole thing had an air of spontaneity and confusion about it. No one seemed to be in charge, but things happened anyway. Only half of the audience even knew what it was listening to, but it dug the music for what it was.

The SDS Benefit was an unusual event for the Minneapolis community not simply because West Bank musicians were supporting a controversial political group ; the whole thing was unique in it-self. It was held in marked contrast to the high-priced, large concerts by out-of-town superstars that are being promoted here with increasing frequency. Minneapolis has a growing white, middle-class hip subculture, but in large part, it's still suburban based. Would-be music entrepreneurs, caught up in a Cashbox consciousness, have found in it an extensive market of students who can con their parents out of $ 4 for a ticket to hear the next Big Name due to perform at the Auditorium or Temple.

If you don't believe me, check out the entertainment page of Sunday's Tribune for the upcoming attractions and note their inflated prices. Rock is becoming a big business in the Twin Cities and some greed freaks are making a quick fortune off something that originated in our culture. It's gotten so bad, many people in the community can't afford to hear live music anymore. "So what?" asks some affluent cynical hipster. "We wouldn't have all this groovy music coming to town if it weren't for those terrible hip capital-ists."

Now I'm not saying that all the major promoters in local music circles are calculating cigar-chewing, balding, sharpies. (Though some are.) In fact, many are members of the leather-fringed pollyana set. They rap about peace-love-'n-flowers, insist that they are contributing to the Community, helping to usher in the New Aquarian Age---and still rake in the money. The more pragmatic ones point to the price that band managers are demanding---as well as the cost of advertising---and argue that they aren't getting rich off concerts. They just " like the music." (For more of this stuff, check out the Daily's interview with Dave Anthony last Friday.) My argument against all such culture vultures is that they really do nothing to liberate us and ultimately their productions corrupt our music.

Check out the newest hip enterprise, the Depot, for instance. It isn't any kind of communications center or forum for the demonstration of our alternative life styles and beliefs. At this point, it's nothing but a glorified psychedelic headshop and bar. According to even the Daily's reviewer, the only thing that makes it the slightest bit tolerable is the heavy (but high-priced) musicians who perform there. The Minneapolis Auditorium's events are worse. They feature the traditional aloof performer----passive audience relationship that limits the listeners visceral response to any good vibes coming from the stage. The bands want you to enjoy their sound, to be swept away by it, to show them your pleasure ---that you have been moved by their music. But how can you do that sitting on a folding chair half-a-block away from the band? Sure, you can try to stand in the aisles around the stage but the ushers and cops herd you away. Cops have increasingly become a fixture at large rock events, as the dying order attempts to keep young, free people---hip to participation---glued to their seats.

We've got to make our culture benefit us, our community. How can we begin to do that? Well, one thing every-one can do is support our good local bands. It's incredible, for instance, that artists of the quality of Dave Ray, John Koerner, and Willie Murphy live in town but are not able to find a decent place and audience. Dania Hall would be an adequate house if only Heller, City Hall, and the police would leave it alone and the community would make the scene (at perhaps two bucks a head). Likewise, some of the really excellent local jug-&-string bands should play publicly more often. Their whole trip is beautiful because it undercuts the professionalism and competitive namegame of the music biz. Most of us are victims of the bourgeoise notion of what constitutes the 'proper artistic stance.' Art should be integrated into the everyday activity of people, not merely be consumed on record.

Everyone should begin to see through all the hype that admen and rock entrepreneurs put out to attract us to musically tastless records and concerts. The Music Business might be changed somewhat if people get to dig and demand a more real performance and product. But that is the equivalent of writing a letter to your congressman to correct a social ill. If you're more interested in a ' direct attack ' on the greed freaks of the music world get hip to boot-legging. Become a hip Robin Hood, like the guy who ripped-off Apple Records, and help bring record prices down. (For more info on boot-legging see the SEED's interview, on page 10 of the vol. 4 no. 13 issue. Another tactic is to start a co-op record store like Leopold's in Berkeley. (Check out page 44 of Rolling Stone, March 7, 1970, for more ideas on co-ops.) Or, at least support the Fetus on West Bank-----it's got the lowest prices in town and serves the community well. If you're mad enough to imitate 'crazie tactics' follow the example of the Diggers who demanded reparations from Bill Graham, the rock impresario who had made a fortune off community-inspired rock dances in San Francisco. Or, check out the Mother--fuckers who campaigned for free nights at Graham's Fillmore East in New York and finally staged a takeover. Those Robin Hoods of the rock world teach us that all we have to do is get together a guerrilla-band of music freaks, figure out the promoters' weaknessess, seize the time and begin to take back what's ours. If we are truly interested in spreading the joy of music, we must join together to demand that the rock entrepreneurs cut their profit margins to make rock more accessible to the people. (If you are interested in joining a group of music marauders or you are planning your own actions and want coverage; drop a card to our P.O. Box.)

Brian

HEY, IT'S NOT PAPER, IT'S PLASTIC

OFF THE TREADMILL!

Strange things have happened to the Ecology Movement so far. The Nixonians have used it to try to co-opt the youth movements and to get people's mind off other faults of the system. Business and industry have used it to push more products on the people in the form of anti-pollution devices. Politicians are using it to gain popularity. Conservationists have used it to protect what they feel are encroachments on their recreation lands by the teeming masses.

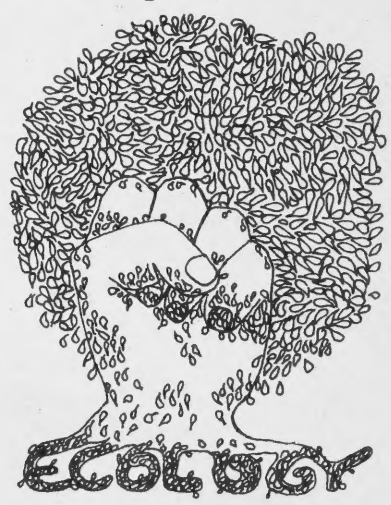
Many biologists and anti-pollutionists scream that ecology is the only important thing in the world today. They feel that catastrophe is imminent, that we're past the point of no return already, and that the quest for human survival supercedes every other issue. Survival. Scare. Fear. It seems they are ready to attack everything in sight to survive, all in the name of ecology.

The issue of ecology, however, is not simply survival of the human species. The issue of ecology is the creation of a new and better way of life and only through this grows a concern for prolonging the life of the species. Otherwise the situation is similar to that of an old person dying. Perhaps that person could be kept alive through an artificial life support system, but is such a non-experiencing,non-creating existence really life?

Thus we must ask ourselves if existing under the present plastic system, with its racism, militarism, alienation and materialism,is really living. Is the Star-spangled Way really quality life?

The present American Way of Life is ecologically unsound, but we should not leave it because we are afraid of death and feel we must sacrifice the so-called good way of life in order to survive,but because a total cultural transformation will bring a better way of life.

Black criticism of the environmental movement(What good is clean air? We're dead already.) is valid. Ecology must be put in its rightful place. It is only one part, though a significant part, of the total re-

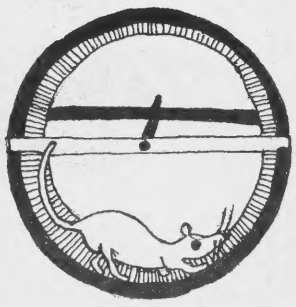


volutionary forces in America today. It is interdependent with Black Power,Indian Power (and other minority and poor people's movements), the Peace Movement, the New Left, the Sexual Revolution,Women's Liberation the Gay Movement, Spiritual Renewal and the Aquarian Counter-culture. The Ecology Movement is interconnected with these other movements in that it, like the others, should question the very core of the present system.

The present pollution and environmental destruction problems were not created by an imperfect technology or a lack of laws and their enforcement. There are deep-rotted cultural attitudes and beliefs which we hold which have brought us to the present mess. We believe that man is a sort of a supreme being on earth. We assume that people and resources are there to be dominated and exploited. We have developed a system which casts off and ignores resources (both human and natural) once they have lost their maximally profitable status. We measure human success by the amount of material goods a person assembles in a life time. We feel that all growth and development is good. We assume that the world is an open system with infinite space,infinite resources, infinite disposal areas and therefore we can condone infinite greed. We deny that everything in the earth system is interconnected. We are crisis-oriented and make non-holistic approaches to problem solving. We stress competition instead of the community. We have saddled ourselves with a work ethic that dictates that we and the land must not sit idle but must produce for profit.

All of these basic beliefs have led to this present ecologically disasterous system. The only way to make a clean environment (not only physically,but socially, economically, politically and spiritually) is through a complete change in the system. The band-aid approach to pollution will not work.

We are on a treadmill, a treadmill that is destroying the environment. It does no good to clean the treadmill. We must step off the treadmill and off the treadmill in the process. We must create a new way of life.



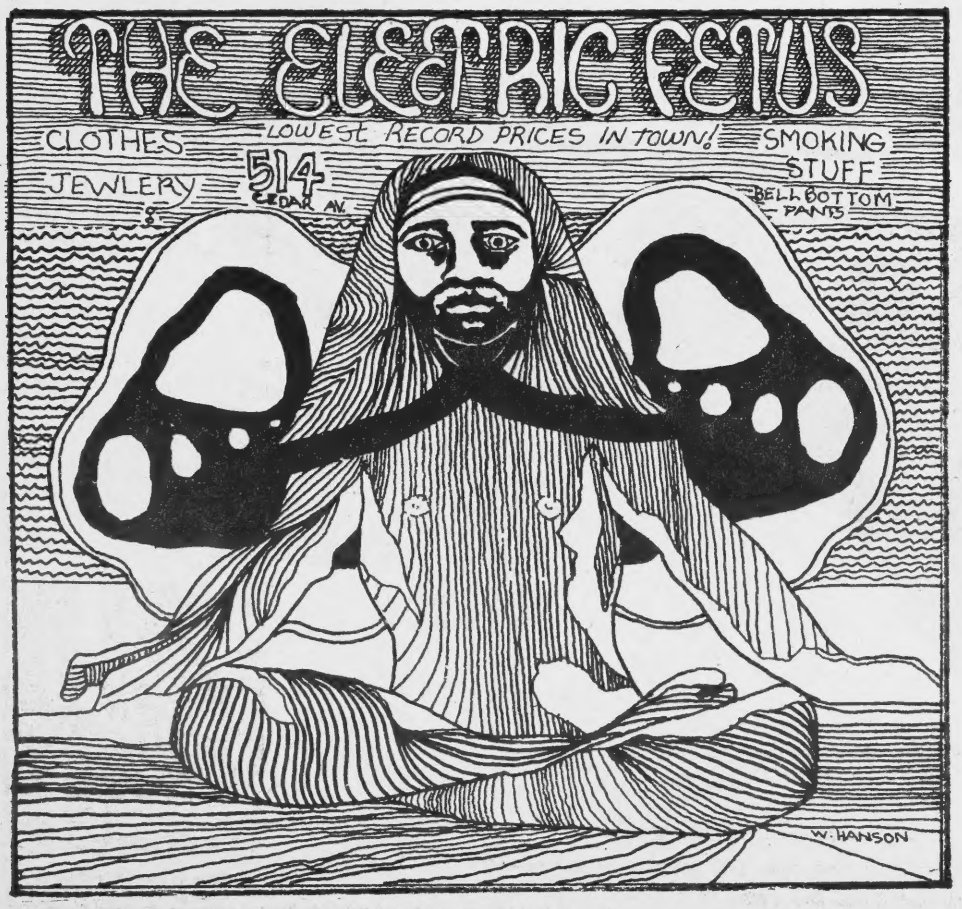
EPITAPH TO "PROLOGUE"

The poster advertizing last week's Film Society offering, "PROLOGUE", was enticing: Abbie Hoffman dressed in a Chicago cop's uniform. But the hype for "Prologue" was just about the only good thing about the movie. (And even that was lifted from Rolling Stone.)

"Prologue", a Canadian Film Board production, tells of the trials and tribulations of an underground newspaper editor and his old lady as they explore the supposedly conflicting wor-lds of politics and hippiedom. As you might suspect, the film is not only unbelievably lame; it is very boring. Even though the story-line includes some scenes familiar to many of us; they are never quite real. The flick is saved from becoming a total failure by one brief scene with Dear Abbie and footage of the Democratic Convention. But these scenes come too late and only prove that what's happening on the streets is heavier than what's happening in most films.

John Robb (as Jesse the editor) comes off as a nice enough schmuck, but is limited to one facial expression which comes across as slightly bored befuddlement. Despite his two years with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, he ain't no actor. Gary Rader, a former CADRE member and noted draft resister, is described by one reviewer as "a hippie mystic stereotype who comes off as the dope-smoker's Gene Autrey." Eliane Malus who played Karen, the young editor's "old lady", is just as terrible. She is justifiably called his old lady because she doesn't really have an identity of her own and is only reflected in the story's male characters. (In short, the film is chauvinist as well as boring.)

Robin Spry's "Prologue" is lame, bor-ing, phony and stereotyped. It is a bullshit film, but perhaps that's because it's easier to portray the superficial characteristics of our generation that to reveal its real essence.



One must possess a sound mind and body "to get on with it" as we say.

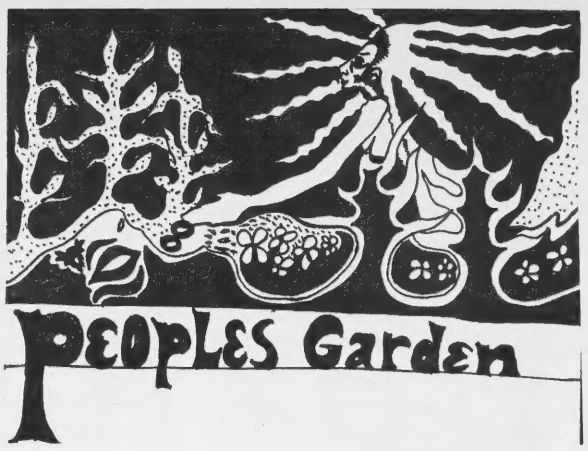
The mind impregnated with the thoughts of love, truth and happiness in conjunction with a body which has the grace and control, which it was meant to possess, are the God given attributes meant for all. You, me and the kids. Granted they have to be given a chance. It's our responsibility that chance is fulfilled.

Since the weather wasn't conducive for playing Ball an opportunity for indoor activities was available. Music, singing and dancing are activities not only enjoyable but forms of expressions essential for the kids. Kids, hell, everybody. Music sure is great, moving, grooving to the beat. Gettin' the feeling of one's body. The kids have singing contests, impersonating singers, and songs. What a gas. Really gettin' down with the record player. A great form of expression. Music is one form of entertainment for all ages. Getting that feeling of life.

We are setting up an Early Bird Invitational Pee-Wee tournament in our community for the Pee Wee's on the South Side. We plan on using some snow fences for the long-ball hitters. We don't have the facili- that the suburbs have but we have the heart and desire. The kids are enthused. Should start in early May and be exciting and enjoyable for young and old.

Catch you later--here come the kids; turn down the record player and grab your mitt.

Pat Felien



Preparation for planting your garden is best started now. You should work your soil by hand with some simple hoe instrument--turning the ground gently. Seeds need not be planted in deeply turned soil, they will grow better, in fact, if the ground is lightly turned. Clear away all growth obstacles, such as: rocks, rubbish and weeds. The best time to start planting is when the moon goes into Cancer. That will be in about three weeks at which time the sun will be firmly in Taurus.

You can tell for sure if your ground is ready for planting by making a simple ground test. You do this by grabbing a fistful of earth from a selected garden plot and if it granually crumbles when the pressure is released, it is ready. If the soil is still too wet it will remain in a solid ball. The fertilizing substance that is the best, the cheapest, and the easiest to get in Minnesota is Turkey shit. It can be gotten in large quantities out by Georgeville, Minnesota and at little cost. If you want to cop in quantity contact HUNDRED FLOWERS, and we'll do it together. Also, we'll get some hay for mulching.

Compost is a very good fertilizer. Separate all your paper and cans from organic food waste. You can store this in a small section off to the side of your garden plot. Turn it over from time to time to help it rot.

Betty Boop

Basic Bread

Macrobiotics is a study of the balance of yin and yang. Yin is sugar or potassium. Yang is salt or sodium. According to Ohsawa, the ideal balance is five parts potassium (yin) to one part sodium (yang) which is found in brown rice. Some foods are hard to balance and should be avoided. Red meat is too yang, sugar and chemicals are too yin to be balanced and should be avoided.

Drugs are too yin to be balanced. Those things which can be realized temporarily through drugs can be realized permanently through macrobiotics.

The ideal way to begin the macrobiotic diet is to avoid the foods too high in potassium or sugar and incorporate grains into the diet. Begin by making your own bread. If a sweetener is needed use honey or raisins. If meat is needed eat fish or fowl.

You can buy rice at Golden Star Noodle. Get together with your friends and buy 100 pounds for about $33.00. 100 pounds of flour can be bought cheaply at Gamble Robinson. It should be whole wheat, preferably stone-ground. Honey and sesame seeds can be bought at Dvoraks Bakery Supply in St. Paul. Buy organically grown foods when possible and avoid all chemicals in foods.

Here is a recipe for yeasted bread as we make it in Georgeville. It is better to make unyeasted bread, but it would be well to begin with this.

Put two packages of yeast in a cup of lukewarm water with or without a little honey. The honey is just to see if the yeast is good. If it's good yeast it will erupt like a volcano. Let it sit in a warm place for 10 minutes or until it bubbles. Put the yeast mixture in a bowl. Add a few cups of lukewarm water, one-third cup of oil and enough whole wheat flour to make it easy to stir. Add two tablespoons of sea salt or to taste. Stir 300 times. Add some more flour and plop it on a floured board. Keep flouring the board and your hands, adding a lot of flour until the bread feels elastic when you knead it and quits sticking to your hands. Put it in a greased bowl, cover with a cloth, set in a warm place (an oven slightly warmed) let it rise until it doubles in size. Knead it down to original size. Put it in bread pans well greased and let it rise until it doubles again. Bake at 350 degrees for about an hour or until it sounds hollow.

Experiment with the basic bread recipe by adding honey, molasses or raisins. You can change the flavor by using cooked rice or onions, cracked wheat or any left-over cereals. Try different flours: rye, oat, or corn meal.

Relax and enjoy your cooking, impatience tastes lousy.

Gayle and Daniel Weber

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Lee Weiner: Con
Criminal Raps Rev

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lee Weiner, the only native Chicagoan of the CONSPIRACY (who the government just finished trying on riot charges resulting from their activities around the Democratic Convention of 1968), was in town recently to speak at Augsberg College. He agreed to an interview so we set a tape recorder in front of him and began to ask questions.*

WE: We are starting a newspaper and want to interview you.

LEE: Terrific. I was just wondering this afternoon if Minneapolis has an underground newspaper. You might want to extract things from my speech too.

WE: Is that alright?

LEE: Oh, yes, of course. Anything for the underground press. It's only the straight/commercial media that we distrust.

WE: I suppose you don't really want to talk about the trial, having just been through it?

LEE: Yeah. Wait until you hear the record, the 'original cast' album. It's being pressed now. It makes us cry and scream and rage. The court reporter had a dictaphone on all the time. So what you've got is Julius screaming at Bobby and Bobby screaming back at Hoffman. Oh my god, you just go crazy listening to it.

WE: How did you get the tapes?

LEE: She sold it to somebody for a hundred thousand dollars. But that somebody decided that he wasn't going to risk the legal hassles that might be involved. So we're going to market it at a huge warehouse in New York City and announce that thousands of copies are available, before they can slap an injunction on them. Look for it soon in your neighborhood bookstore. And wait until you see the movie. It's outasight! You are going to be living with the trial for the whole next year.

WE: Did the trial reshape your life and the other defendant's lives? Did it sap your energies?

LEE: No, it didn't become our whole lives. That was the government's intent, of course. But I've personally worked harder on my project--setting up an abortion network around the Midwest--during the last year. We're meeting new people all the time; it's good. We're winning! In a few years we'll win.

WE: You think we won the Conspiracy trial then? That it was totally used to the movement's advantage?

LEE: No, we may do time and they did bind us up for almost a year. They bound up a lot of energy, a lot of money, but yeah, I think we won. But I don't think the people that got convicted are going to beat the rap. The Weathermen have already won their trial; they've got to catch them. *(The Weathermen failed to show at the Chicago trial where they are charged for rioting during their Days of Rage last fall. They have since gone underground.*

WE: What's your impression of what's happened in the movement and the country during the trial?

LEE: Terrific! I think people are beginning to address certain kinds of problems, everything from when you say "OK, I'm a revolutionary--now what?" to how to live your life in a way that doesn't involve episodic involvements. We are trying to construct everything from nursery schools--something I'm into-to underground presses, communes and other institutional forms that people can live in. Jesus, a year ago everyone was rushing out to the woods. They couldn't live in the cities anymore. In the meantime, people have moved to deal with that problem of privatization. People are beginning to talk in very serious terms about alternative institutions and building relations which don't always dissolve down to this private head kind of thing. They recognize that the personal problem of marginality is a political issue and that it's not like an individual, personal trouble but that we are all in it together.

WE: Then you haven't found a general sense of confusion in the movement during your travels?

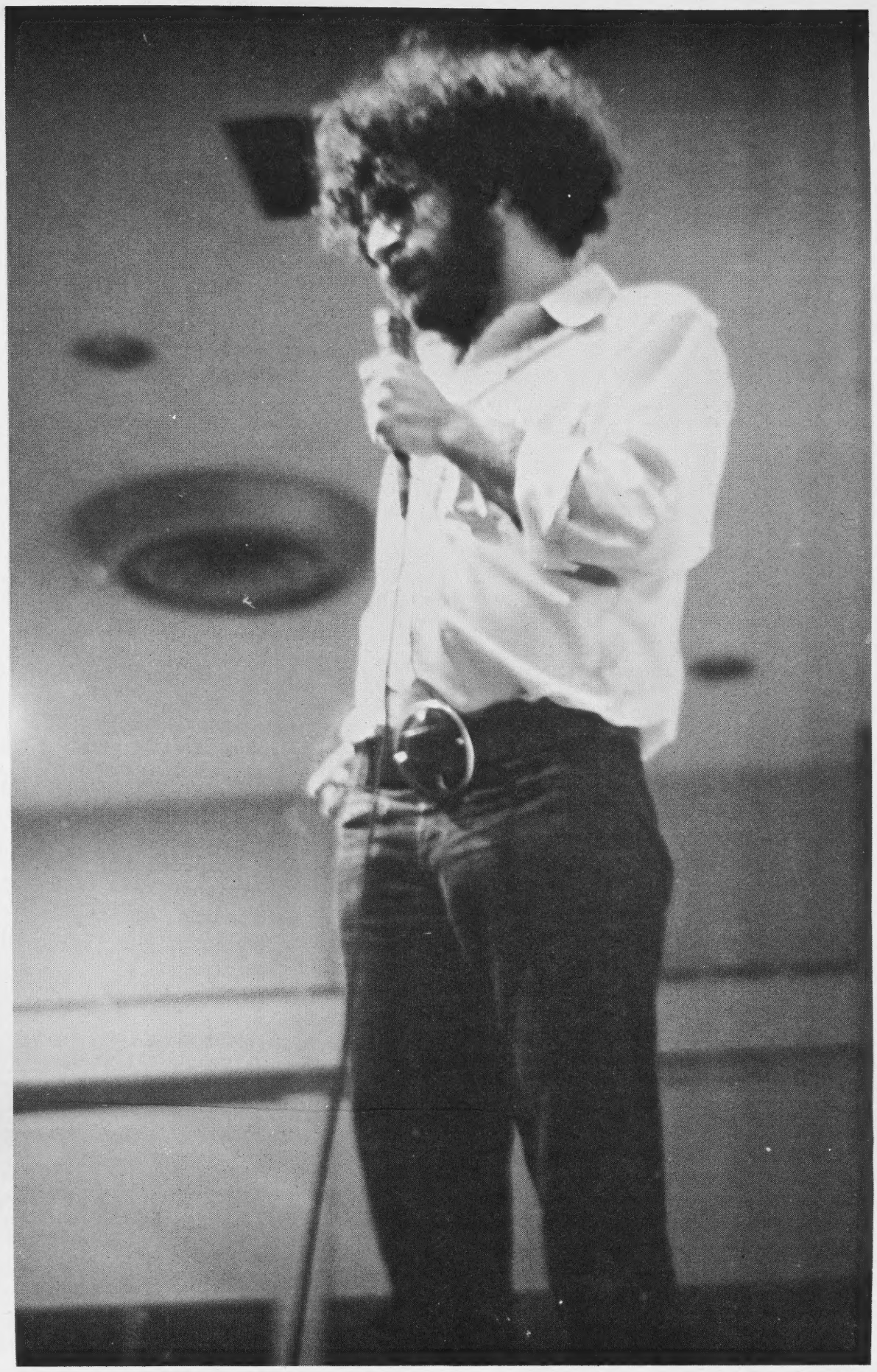
LEE: Oh yes, of course. Terrible confusion. But that's alright! Yeah, I think things are pretty good. I think there are more of us all the time. Wait and see, for instance, where the new ecology movement people go. A year and a half from now, people are going to be sending notes to industries along their rivers saying "Stop pollution in thirty days. If you don't stop pollution in thirty days; we'll off thirty of your junior executives." If they keep on making color tvs, they'll keep wiggin' out three-year-olds. It's good; everything's good. Man, I'm pretty enthusiastic.

WE: How about the confusion in the anti-war movement? Is it a good thing that it's dying?

LEE: No, I don't think it should. The war is still going on; it's getting larger every day, expanding throughout Southeast Asia. One of the major tasks facing us is to revitalize the anti-war movement. But, I'm optimistic in the long-run. I've got all kinds of aggravations about where things are now, but it's good. Things are alright. It's easy -- especially in places like Minneapolis -- to feel very isolated. But, I was talking at a junior college right here today, and Jesus,

the kids were fantastic. We rapped for four hours. I started talking about gay liberation

spiring olution



and women's lib and left a group forming around both things. It was outasight. And those people weren't freaks. Things like that are going on all over. The question of 'felt isolation' is a real one. That's why starting an underground newspaper is a good thing. You ought to give rock concerts too, or bring in more speakers. So we can see one another; so you know you're not alone. And then you have to begin to build things. Things like women's lib and gay liberation -- you can't be pessimistic when things like that are going on. There are real problems because we don't know how-the-fuck to make a revolution. We don't even know how to stay alive as a coherent group. But we'll manage. Look, we only figured out that we were revolutionary about two years ago. We've gone pretty far. When we went to Chicago in '68; we were fuzzy -- you know 'kind of radical' -- but we didn't know what-the-fuck that meant. People have come pretty far in two years.

WE: But things are getting heavier and heavier. The repression is getting worse. You should know.

LEE: Yeah, but I think the only thing one has to worry about is the desperate desire of people to retire into privatism. But that requires that we find new forms, new ways so people don't have to feel that kind of pressure.

WE: Then you think we must build 'survival services' like cooperatives, communes, day-care centers, and so on?

LEE: Yeah, I think we need projects that people can work on over a long period of time so that they don't feel it's only an episodic involvement, a demonstration or trial. Ithink communes are critical. So are newspapers. Long-term projects, but not designed to serve other peoples needs. We've got to begin to serve our own needs, the needs of <u>our</u> community.

WE: So far the movement -- especially white student radicals -- has seen itself as simply support for other peoples' struggles. We've been in an auxilary role, fighting somebody else's revolution. Do you think we've finally got our own revolution now?

LEE: Oh, there's no question about it! Everyone knows 'we are the people.' People have different constituencies, right? But, we no longer have to feel embarassed when we meet with blacks. We shouldn't anyway. We are the revolution; they're the revolution too. We should be together when possible. Some of us, the Conspiracy crowd, are going to move to New Haven to organize in support of Bobby Seale and the other Panthers who are coming to trial there soon. Sure, things are heavy. We're all going to get stepped on a lot. White revolutionaries too. Sam Melville and Jane Alpert (two people in New York City accused of bombing various buildings - ed.), for instance, are being repressed. The authorities are saying to us: 'Look, boys and girls; it's our government and not yours." They're going to use what they've got against us. We just have to be cool about it, that's all. You can go across the country now, finding friends everywhere. It's a good feeling. I'll tell you something: There's a big difference driving across the country now and a few years ago. If you drove across the country five years ago, you made stops at community organization projects and visited old friends in SDS. Jesus, now you can pick the first longhair up you find on the street and find out where the community is and go to it with no problem at all. That's a good thing. I'm not saying that's necessarily a revolutionary thing, but man, that's a good fuckin' feeling. It's a beginning. It may not be much of a beginning, but it's the only beginning we've got. So we might as well be happy with it.

WE: Yes, but it's difficult getting together. I mean, every time we get together in a project or something; things fall apart. People have different ideologies, ideas, and personalities.

LEE: Yeah, I know. I'm not saying it's going to happen next year. We don't all share the same political ideology, but here we are. We're togeter.

continued from page 5

HONEYWELL PROJECT ...

break up the crowd trying to get at CM.

On April 22nd, Marv Davidoff, Clayton Geise and other local radicals were nominated as G. E. Directors, and when Fran Shor demanded that G. E. workers be allowed to hold an election and control the Board, G. E.'s head man said he would "take it under consideration." One older woman who has been disrupting stockholder's meetings for 30 years turned an amused eye to the radicals in the G. E. meeting and said, so everyone could hear, "I am trying to make Capitalism work. But you are trying to replace Capitalism with a Socialized system."

YOUBETCHERASS.

On April 27th, Puerto Ricans, Blacks and Suburban Whites will take on Chicago's Biggest CM, Commonwealth Edison, and then on April 28th, Honeywell and Gulf become the targets.

In court, defending Red Barn's right to push shit in Dinkytown, the corporate lawyer representing Fink, Fink, Fink and Fink turned an impassioned eye to the spectators and pleaded, "If we give in to the community, why that's mobocracy." Later Dave Pence asked how he should address the CM Attorney. Was it "Mr.," "Sir," or "Your Lordship?" "Your Lordship will do," he replied.

HANG THE TORIES FROM THE RAFTERS.

"Mr. Lafferty," one girl asked quietly in the crowd, "Your Corporation gets richer and richer while most of the world gets poorer and poorer. Is this a result of hard work or just bad luck?"

G. E. GOES ON: "A majority of campus and minority-interest radicals are neither sincere intellectuals nor responsible civil rights advocates. They are self-admitted revolutionists openly dedicated to the overthrow of Capitalism."

RIGHT ON BABY.

Then G. E. talks of strategy. Identify sites and subjects of likely "confrontations." (All of Corporate Amerika) "Prepare management for a standard operating procedure of reaction." (Bland indifference) "Maintain a favorable corporate image with minority groups." (Have an Indian, a Black and a woman on hand to defend the company) "and with the public at large" (appear concerned and patriotic) "without compromising future corporate decisions and without provoking escalation of the conflict" (But don't pay any attention to anyone).

HONEYWELL'S MANAGEMENT THINKS it's ready. They've discouraged workers from attending the meeting since 5000 own Honeywell shares and are just about ready to raise the roof. Anyway, the room's too small. They told security guards they can try Honeywell's 40mm tear gas bomb on the crowd if necessary and have brought in dozens of Federal marshalls whom they plan to disguise as workers, etc. It will be a bit hard, of course, to defend their public image to minorities since many of the recent layoffs are black, Indian and women, since they've just opened a regional office in South Africa and since their training program for minorities has a dropout rate of over 80 per cent.

BINGER HAS GIVEN us a corner of the parking lot but says no bullhorns. He has decided to illegally limit the number of people who come in on each block of shares to three.

But what Binger and his fellows don't understand is that the attack on Corporate Motherfucker is no longer symbolic. It is a universal political-social-economic and military war against a few bastards who run CM.

The Honeywell Project does not expect James Binger or Steve Keating to change their minds about producing napalm, ABM-Minuteman, 'spew', fragmentation bombs, etc. These men are committed to the economy of shit because the economy of shit has made them rich. And the rest of mankind is committed to destroying the economy of shit because it continues to make them poor.

HONEYWELL PROJECT DEMANDS an immediate end to all war production. But we know this won't come about until two other things happen. First, it means Honeywell must reconvert to useful production with no loss of jobs or job security.

But useful production (not space shit) means lowering the costs of necessities, smaller profits and, in the end, the destruction of capitalism. So Honeywell Project demands (third) that decision-making power at Honeywell be transferred, peacefully if possible, to the men and women who work at Honeywell and live in the community which Honeywell is supposed to serve. When we come to the stockholders' meeting on Tuesday these are the people we will be representing.

WE HAVE THE POWER to surround Honeywell and confront the directors inside with our demands, to demonstrate to everyone, everywhere how isolated and alone Binger, Keating and the rest are, how if 'one man one vote' held with the corporations, Binger and the rest running CM would be outvoted hundreds of millions to a very few.

The battle against CM raises the level of struggle in America. It means no longer asking favors but building a political movement to recapture the technology which can almost immediately solve many of our most pressing problems.

On Apollo 13, it was a Honeywell valve that fucked up the oxygen and ruined the trip. The men took refuge in Aquarius, the attempt to co-opt the hip trip becoming the salvation. So be it.

On April 28th, the Honeywell Project will take to the streets. In the end, it is Binger and Keating and the rest of the CORPORATE MOTHERFUCKER ELITE which will be out on the streets. They will be alone, pleading their case for death and shit while the crowds which make history rush by.

-Evan Stark

Phone Numbers

HUNDRED FLOWERS	332-1812
Am. Friends Service Committee	331-5101
Am. Indian Movement (AIM)	333-5767
Female Liberation Group	378-1183
Fire	330-2345
FREE	373-4894
Free Store and Health Clinic	336-4240
General Hospital Emergency	330-2370
Honeywell Project/Liberty House	336-1581
Minneapolis Flag	827-2225
Minnesota Civil Liberties Union	333-2534
New Mobe	335-8759
Pooneil Corners (St. Paul)	690-2468
Suicide Prevention	330-7777
TCDIC (Draft Information Center)	333-3713
Women's Counseling Service	339-5479
YES (Youth Emergency Service)	338-7588
YES Office	338-4336
YIPPIE (Youth International Party)	331-3809

Continued from page 2

RED BARN...

buildings slated for destruction by Red Barn Inc. and "willfully trespassed thereon in a continuing and repeated manner and forcibly, wrongfully, unlawfully, and maliciously took and now hold possession" of the structure. Shucks, did we do all that?

The people were out in force. Everyone was infected with what Jerry Rubin describes as "subpoenas envy": 150 angry, unruly, noisy, wisecracking Southeasters crowded into the chambers of Judge Anderson to participate in a hearing in which the Judge was asked to sign a restraining order empowering the police to remove the Occupation from the five Dinkytown buildings which they have held since April 1st.

The people had a people's lawyer, Chester Bruvold, a fine old socialist -- the kind of lawyer that is up front with you, takes your orders, and manages to chew up the opposition in spite of the burden of your orders.

FACING OFF AGAINST the people was blond, Nordic, clean-nosed, clean-shaven, be-vested Robert ("Bob") Lafferty, Vice President of Red Barn Inc. and a bevy of his asshole lawyers. Bobby and his dragons wanted the people of Dinkytown to be:

> -permanently enjoined from "trespassing upon" and from "occupying and use" of the buildings.
> -permanently directed to "remove themselves and their belongings from the building and to desist from re-entering" it; and
> -permanently enjoined "from interfering in any manner,directly or indirectly, with contractual commitments" by the plaintiffs "for carrying out of demolition, improvement and building contracts."

And then there's a string of other charges; Conspiracy to "prevent the plaintiffs from enjoying possession" ("enjoying possession"- love the phrase!) of the buildings; we also "unlawfully obtained electric lights and power" for the buildings; and we also "sponsored and participated in unlawful public entertainment and public dances on the said premises."

"Unlawful preparation of food" was also cited. We are also being asked to pay about $200,000 in damages for destruction we allegedly visted on the buildings-buildings which were slated for immediate demolition. Hell, we actually made improvements on them. No mention made of illicit cohabitation or plain old fucking and dope-smoking,'cause we don't do none of that in our buildings.

Bob was the first and last witness. Bob is a young, ambitious executive on-the-way-up in Red Barn Inc. I suspect that the gods who sit on the board of the Red Barn Inc. are looking down upon the Dinkytown fight and regarding it as a test of Bobby's managerial qualities.

CHUCK OUT his naive earneastness and the appearance of hurt pride which he always carries on his face and Bob becomes sort of a nice guy. Forgive him: he's a tool. His head was retooled at one of Red Barn's executive-training schools. And not everyone survives that kind of a lobotomy as well as Bob. Let us forgive him if he can't understand why everyone doesn't get a hard-on when their eyes fall upon a Red Barn's rough curves and brick-red skin.

Bob announced at the UDIA meeting that his wife had been "suffering terribly" ever since the Dinkytown occupation began. Bob is a family man with all those hungry shareholder mouths to feed: "I'm not a lawyer, I'm a restaurant owner... (the most pronounced symptom of the brainwashed,programmed executive is his tendency to identify the Corporation's property as his own)...As a small businessman (what?!) I am asking you, 'How do I get them off my property.'"

A short digression: the scene is the last meeting of the University District Improvement Association. The people were again out in force. Bobby is there explaining to UDIA and the people what his "new, improved" Dinkytown Red Barn is going to look like.

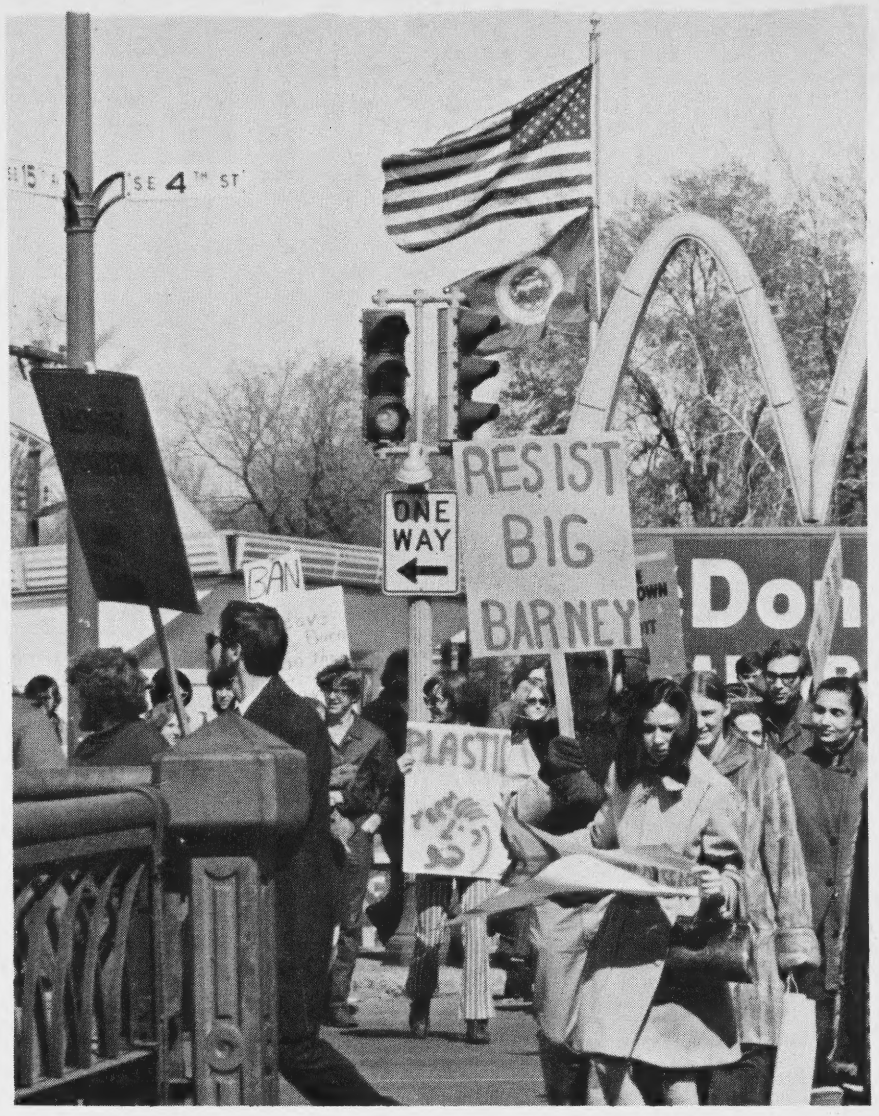
Bobby: (pointer in hand, poking at some charts and maps on the wall) "This is the Dinkytown area. This is Fourth Street. The Red Barn will be constructed here on my property.

The People:(soft but insistently) "Bobby. Bo-b-by!?"

Bobby:(less certainly)"..er the Red Barn will be erected here along fourth street on my property."

Bobby: (humbly, as a child asking forgiveness) "I mean our property... ".

ON THE WITNESS stand, Bobby is a study in embarassment. The lawyers knaw on the technical question of whether the property is indeed leased to Red Barn. Everyone is bored. Spasms of coughing break out, are picked up on, and are made into a little rhythm.



The judge gavels us back into silence. The judge and the lawyers conduct their business in a low whisper. Everyone strains to listen.

Can't hear. LOUDER!!" Drone, drone, drone. McNulty(remember him) finally finishes questioning his client. Now, its our turn.

"WE'RE UP TO BAT!" Cross examination time. Now, Chet Bruvold is supposed to act only as our legal advisor. We want the right to "examine" Bobby ourselves. Everyone drools at the prospect. Bobby stiffens in his seat. He looks like a lamb eyeing a playful wolf pack.

But Judge Anderson isn't going to let us play our little game; Bruvold is declared to be our attorney, and all questions must be made through him.

Argument. Shouts of disappointment from the crowd. Hushed consultation around the bench. Sheriff's deputies circulate through the audience confiscating cameras and cooling surly people. The conference breaks up and the courtroom dissolves into a shouting match between McNulty and the people.

McNulty springs his "Mobocracy" speech on us. Ellen Pence retaliates:"Will you, Bob Lafferty, build your

Bob Lafferty,
Bob Lafferty build your Red Barn on the bloodied bodies of Southeast residents?"

Unruffled by all this, Judge Anderson cools the court and grants the restraining order. With a sad smile, he says that we have his sympathy, but the law is the law, etc. etc.

HEARING'S OVER! Everyone spilled out of the courtroom into the hall. "We've lost." "We've won." No one really could figure out what had just transpired. We were about 175 by then. Milling around, singing, "We shall not be moved."

Police and more sheriff's men spring out of the offices. We begin to march down the City halls, shouting, carrying flags, presenting a forest of upraised arms and clenched fists. "Power to the people!""Sure would be an easy place to take over!"

WE TURN a corner and lo.. There is Lafferty and his lawyers waiting for an elevator. "Surround the Mother!" "Bobby. Bob-by. Bobby!!" Into the elevator and down the shaft drop Bobby and his dragons. Down the stairs lopes the crowd which intercepts Bobby as he steps out onto the 2nd floor. We surround the mother! "Get the fuck out of our neighborhood!"

Back into the elevator shoots Bobby and his dragons. Down the stairs runs the crowd which intercepts them as they step out onto the 1st floor. "Get the motherfucker!" Back into the elevator shoots Bobby and his Boys where they drop out of sight. The people lose the scent.

OUT ONTO THE main entrance spill the people. Up onto the enormous statue of Moses they climb. Cops in hot pursuit with movie cameras and tape recorders. Moses acquires an Uncle Sam hat on his head and an anti Red Barn placard poised precariously on his naked crotch. Out onto the streets sweep the people where they disappear in the five o'clock crowds.

Jim Bruggeman

West Bank's own...

ANTISEPTIC & PURE

PAX

KOSMIC KOMIX

ILLUSTRATED LIBERATED

APR 12 1939 Nº 1

A LOT OF WIERD SHIT'S BEEN GOIN DOWN ON THIS SHORE OF THE BIG MUDDY... SOME good, SOME EVIL

LIKE

DRAFT BOARD RIPPED OFF...

&

WOW

THE ECLIPSE

&

SMACK ALL OVER

So... Its NO WONDER THAT, ONE DARK AN GRIZZLEY NIGHT...

OFFICE

A STREET PERSON OVER-HEARS A SINISTER PLOT ? FAR OUT

STENVIG & HELLER

YES, THE TWO NOTORIOUS ENEMIES OF WE THE PEOPLE, THE PIG & THE SLUM LORD WANT TO — STOP ALL THE CLOCKS ON THE BANK —! SO THAT THEY CAN RETURN THINGS TO THE GOOD OLE DAZE, before protest & RIOTS!

FREAK-OUT

WOW... WHAT A FUCKIN BUMMER — THE CLOCKS IN THIS TOWN ARE ALREADY 30 YEARS BEHIND!

"I BETTER TELL THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS ABOUT THIS! (AND MAYBE I CAN SELL A STORY TO the MPLS. STAR) I BETTER HURRY!"

BUT AS OUR MAN TURNS TO SPLIT...

TRIP

LOOSE BOARD...

HE STUMBLES ON A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD... AND BEING THAT THIS WAS A HELLER HOUSE, THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK...

CRASH

THE PAD COLLAPPSED INTO RUBBLE...

FOR RENT HELLER

THAT WAS THE END...OR SO WE HOPED — BUT IT SEEMS THE PIG & the SLUM LORD MANAGED TO ESCAPE — THEYRE BACK TO their old TRICKS... SO, PEOPLE, HELP US STOP THEM!

JOIN... CREATE...

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